Vol. IV. Numb. 17.

THE OBSERVATOR.

A Letter from Ipſwitch. *Remarks thereon. A Story from St.* Olaves Southwark. *Of the* French *Kings Occuliſt being come to* England. *Remarks thereon.*

From **Saturday** May the 26th, to **Wednesday** May the 30th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I find by your Letters come this Poſt that all the Clergy are not of the *Tackers Party*, that we have ſome Honeſt Men among them that ſtand for the *Queen* and the *Church*.

Obſ. The Gown does afford us many Honeſt Gentlemen, that are an *Honour* to our *Church*, and *Stedfaſt* to the *Queen* and *Government*, in the Preſervation of which they have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves at the preſent Elections, as others have done againſt both. But Prithee Read me the Letter.

SIR, Ipſwitch, *May* 22d, 1705.

SEveral Gentlemen at a Coffee-Houſe in this Town, meeting with the Rehearſal of the Obſervator, *No.* 42. *from* May *the* 12th *to the* 19th, *wherein he hath Incerted an Impudent Letter, or Invented the ſame himſelf, ſaid to be writ from* Ipſwitch *in* Suffolk, *giving an Account of the Election for that County; which Account is ſo Notoriouſly Falſe in every particular, that tho' no Perſons can juſtly give any Credit to that Scandalous Paper; however it may be convenient to do Juſtice to the Perſons and Parties therein ſo much Reflected upon; as to give you ſuch an Account of what part at our Election may be depended upon: And what I write you ſhall be Atteſted and Prov'd if that Firebrand of* Nonjurors *and his Party give any further Occaſion for the ſame. As firſt, Whereas in the ſaid Letter, or Paper, it is Repreſented that Sir* Dudly Cullum *and Sir* Samuel Barnardiſton, *came in on the Day of Election with no other Gentlemen than Sir* Thomas Felton *and one or two more, that all the reſt were Rabble or Mob. I can aſſure you there came with the ſaid Candidates Nine Baronets, Three Knights, upwards of Twenty Gentlemen, from* 500 *to* 1000 l. per Annum, *and a great many other Gentlemen from* 200 *to* 400 l. per Annum, *beſides ſeveral of the moſt Eminent Clergy of the County, and the Generality of the beſt Trading People, Maſters of Ships and Farmers, as will undeniably appear when the Poll for the Candidates ſhall be Publiſh'd: The leaſt of which Poll for the ſaid Candidates was* 2310, *and which by the way was more by* 99 *than the ſaid Deſerts Poll was at the laſt preceeding Election, and ſo conſiderable as was never known to looſe it in the ſaid County before: And whereas the ſaid pretended Letter aſſerts, that one Mr.* L——y, *a* Roman Catholick *procured* 200 *Votes, I am very well aſſured the ſaid Gentleman was not at the Election, nor ſo much as one* Roman Catholick *Poll'd for the ſaid Candidates: It is well known what great Enemies the* Nonjurors *are to theſe Gentlemen and all in their Intereſt.*

As to the 200 *Clergymen which the ſaid Paper Inſinuates to have come in a Body and Poll for the other Candidates, I am aſſured from thoſe that told them they did not amount to* 50.

And further, by what was obſerved by thoſe that attended the whole Election, there never was leſs Indecency offered on either ſide: As for the Lame and Blind, it is as Impertinent and Rediculous as the Author of that is Falſe, Impudent and Scandalous.——If to this the Author of the Letter will make a Reply, I have further to enlarge that will not be Grateful to his Party. I am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

H. K.

Country-m. Now, Maſter, you find ſome Honeſt Clergymen.

Obſ. A great many of them. But you ſee they ſhare the Fate of all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom that are Honeſt, they are *Slander'd*, *Backbitten*, *Calumniated* and *Aſpers'd* by the *Jacobite Crew*; that *Impudent Libeller* of the *Engliſh Conſtitution* and the preſent *Government*, that *Bog-Trotting*, *Iriſh Prieſt Leſly*, has pelted them from his heap of Rubbiſh, with *Lies* and *Slanders*, the mean *Subterfuge* of a Party, whoſe Cauſe is Built on the Ruins of *Vertue*, and who dare not look *Truth* in the Face, who have taken *Iniquity* for a Covering, Sculk in the Dark Receſſes of *Vice*, and when they appear in Publick, march under the Banner of the *Church*, and in the Name of *God* do the Works of the *Devil*.

'Tis true, when we conſider what a *Scandalous Contemptible Wretch* this *Iriſh Nonjuring Prieſt* is, we cannot imagine that the Dirt and Filth of his Pen can ſully the Reputations of thoſe two Honourable Patriots, Sir *Dudly Cullum*, and Sir *Samuel Barnardiſton*; but pity it is that ſuch Venerable Names ſhould be ſo abominably traduc'd by ſuch a *Nefarious Pen*.

Sir *Dudly Cullum* is a Gentleman of ſuch known *Worth* and *Integrity*, that he deſerves much better Treatment, and Sir *Samuel Barnardiſton*, as he Poſſeſſes the *Eſtate*, ſo he Inherits the *Vertues* of his Anceſtors: He's deſcended from a Stock that has yielded the beſt Fruit to his Native Country; I find in the *Levitical Books*, ſpeaking of the *Prieſthood*, it is ſaid by way of Eminence, *A Prieſt, the Son of a Prieſt*; 'tis highly Noble to ſay, *A Patriot, the Son, the Grandſon, the Great Grandſon of a Patriot*; to ſee *Paternal Vertue* flow in the Veins of Ofſprings, as in an Ancient Channel, is as Profitable a Sight, as to ſee our Famous *Thames* crowded with Ships laden with the Treaſures of the Univerſe, all theſe things are to be ſeen in Sir *Samuel Barnardiſton*, and yet we find *Conſummate Vertue* it ſelf muſt ſtand the Shocks of *Malice*, *Envy* and *Scandal*.

This Eccleſiaſtical Stock of *Impudence* ſeems to have a Patent for *Scandal*: He flings his Dirt about as if he were the *Scavenger* of the *High-Church* Party, employ'd to remove the Filth from their own Side, and to lay it on the other: I think I noted once before, That Mankind might Judge of the

Tacking

Tacking-Party by the Authors that Write in their Defence, which are generally such as *Leſly*, *Non-jurors*, or *Atheiſts*. We may make another Obſervation too of the *Tacking-Prieſthood*, That they are Men of the meaneſt *Parts* and *Learning*, of *Morals* ſuitable to their *Principles*, when, on the other hand, thoſe that have appear'd for true *Engliſhmen* in theſe Elections, have been Gentlemen of a quite contrary Character, and whoſe Exemplary *Lives* and *Converſations* are an Ornament to their Sacred Function.

Country-m. Maſter, can't we find ſome way or other to manage his *Iriſh High flying*, *Low Bogtrotting* Prieſt? Shall he beſpater and belie every Body? Theſe two Honeſt Gentlemen you have been ſpeaking of are not the firſt he has bely'd; 'tis not long ago he Scandaliz'd that worthy Gentleman, Sir *William Aſhhurſt*, now Elected Member for the City of *London*. Why does not the *Hog* grunt after him? The *Hog* could Perjure himſelf in a Cauſe againſt the *Cat* in *Pauls-Church-Yard*, but he can't open his Chaps, or Grunt after a *Jacobite*.

Obſ. Let that alone, time may produce the meaning of many things that are now a Riddle. And a Committee of *Elections*, may perhaps give a *Turn* to ſome of our *Returns*: Some of 'em are Printed double which are only ſingle, and I have ſeen a *Return* in Print on the *Munday*, when the Election did not Commence till the *Tueſday* following. I can't ſpeak ſo much to the Caſe of thoſe two Honourable Gentlemen, Sir *Dudly Cullum*, and Sir *Samuel Barnardiſton*, as I ought to do, *Prudence* and *Conſideratio s* of Safety makes me often Halt in the way to Juſtice, for I am ſtill the *Butt* of the Malignants, and muſt bear the Burden of my Country with Patience.

The great Noiſe againſt me now is, That I Write againſt the Church, and how ſo, I pray? Why in Writing againſt the *Tacking-Clergy*? If the *Tacking-Clergy* be the Church of *England*, I declare my ſelf not to be of that Church; tho' I love the Church as well as any Honeſt Man ought to do; yet I don't care to Ride on the Ridge of it, nor to joyn in hazardous Attempts that may be the Ruin of the Queen and Realm.

But ought not Men to be Expos'd who run Counter to their own Intereſt, Expoſe themſelves and their Functions, Strengthen the Hand of the Nations Enemies, Fly in the Face of Majeſty it ſelf, Spirit up the People to *Diſcord* and *Diſunion*, and Act as if they were inſpired by ſome other Spirit than that which ought to govern them in all their Actions.

'Tis for the ſake of Peace that I do not expoſe them more, I have room enough, I don't want matter, I have Inſtances in abundance; but I really think my ſelf Obliged, by the Duty I owe to Her Majeſty, by the Obligations I owe to my Country, and out of that juſt Reſpect all Good Men ought to have for our *Noble Patriots* the *Peers*, to expoſe thoſe, who on all Occaſions, expoſe all theſe.

The Providence of *God*, and *Wiſdom* of our Governours, has furniſhed Us with the beſt ſet of *Biſhops* that ever *England* yet knew; but are theſe *Reverend* and *Venerable Prelates* free from the *Cenſures*; nay, are they not the *Subjects* of their *Libels*? With what *Diſreſpect* and *Inſolence* do they Treat them? 'Tis not long ago, that the *Reader*, or *Black ſomething* of St. *Olaves Southwark* declared, That his Grace the Lord Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, and the Lord Biſhop of *Sarum*, ought to have their Gowns pull'd over their Ears. Is this Treatment ſufferable from the *Inferiour Clergy*, to the *Fathers* of our *Church*? One, whoſe Venerable *Grey-Hairs*, if not his *Learning*, *Piety*, and Extenſive *Charity*, might claim the greateſt Reſpect. The *Learning* and *Vertue* of the other, if not his *Services* to the beſt of *Princes*, in the beſt of *Cauſes*, the *Revolution*, juſtly Entitles him to the Mitre he wears.

Honeſt *Country-man*, I owe no Man Ill Will, and pray God that the *Tackers*, both *Laity* and *Clergy* may be converted, that God will open their Eyes to behold their Errors, and ſee the way to our *Publick Peace* and *Happineſs*.

Country-m. I fancy they are going to grow Good, and are uſing ſome Means for the Recovery of their Eye-ſight: Here's Monſieur *Gizzard*, the *French* Tyrants Occuliſt, is come over, ſent for in all haſte by ſome Body or other, to Cure ſome odd ſort of Blindneſs. Doctor *Read*, Her Majeſties Occuliſt, is able to Cure Her Majeſties Good People of all Diſtempers of the Eyes, and Her Subjects, the Sailors and Soldiers he Cures for nothing, which I ſuppoſe Monſieur won't do; but they ſay he has a Knack of Couching *Tackers*, I wiſh he don't make 'em ſee worſe than they did before. I am ſure I am ſo Blind that I can't ſee why theſe *French* Fellows come over, we ſhall have 'em in a little Time come to Cure the Corns, and on other Frivilous Excuſes. I don't Love *Frenchmen*. Come, Maſter, one Bumper to the Illumination of the *Tackers* Underſtandings and ſo to Bed.

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